There's something going on - something intangible, alien, even supernatural. As I now attempt description, I realize the futility of it all. It's taken over my focus. It robs me of rationality.

Am I losing my mind? I ask myself aloud. It almost speaks - saying to me,

You never had a mind to lose, it is an illusion.

Yes, it seems conscious. A formless sentience attaches itself to me like the moral antithesis of the so-called guardian angel. Though similarly without manifestation, it guides me… Not along a path of clarity or righteous cause, but upon one of distortion, wrought of the densest haze, riddled with mirage.

Do I see a flame burning in my distant psyche? Do I feel it's warmth tickling the hairs of my arms? As suddenly as my heart rejoices in approaching an answer, a refuge, a sanctuary, this joy is plucked! It's plucked right from my perception and again, I'm left in cold confusion. Clarity is diffused into that thick fog of unknowing.

Who are you, evil spectre, and what do you want from me? What motivates you to take and take and take from me when I've so little to give?!

There is no "response" this time, if one could even call it that. But as if by magic, I see once again with my eyes. I gasp as though waking from a nightmare. I sit in front of a hearth, sweating as if breaking a fever, rocking in a wooden chair. Was that it? Just a dream?

Someone I only faintly recognize walks in with tea on a silver tray - she seems young but walks with old-fashioned grace. She's tall, black-haired, and wearing a lace-trimmed gray dress. I have no memory now, but the tea smells lovely, and the sweating has me parched. The drink is in my hand, and then at my lips, and momentarily I'm in bliss.

"Thank you for the tea, miss. May I ask your name?"

She smiles gently and the fire of the hearth crackles, making her oak-brown eyes momentarily flare with tones of autumn leaves.

"Deja Vu," she says. And upon speaking, a darkness - a miasma of sorts billows from behind her lips and everything I see is replaced once again with fog and there…

There…

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